

## LITTLE H BABISTS AND BIG.

HERESY AMONG THE FAITHFUL  
WHO ADORE ZIA U'LLAH.

If You Would Offend Neither Party Call Him "He" in Small Caps, for Heaven Only Knows Whether He's Entitled to a Cap "H" or Nothing But Lower Case.

There is heresy and schism among the Babists. Things are so unsettled that no one knows for certain just who are the heretics and who the orthodox. One alone can settle it—Zia U'Allah Effendi, who dwells in Akko, the Turkish City of Exile. The members of one division maintain that "he" is capitalized makes half the difference between orthodox and heterodox. If you want to play safe among Babists, use small capitals in the personal pronoun which refer to Zia U'Allah Effendi.

This is the plain and simple point of disagreement between the sects. Zia U'Allah Effendi is grandson of Te's U'Allah, the original Bab. If the Messiah is to appear 563 years after the year 343, which makes the year 3006, reasoning backward to the Ollam books and keeping in mind the parable of the son of Justice wherein the Divine Hours hastened unrelieved from the Spiritual Palace, questioning names all save one name (and when they insisted the first letter of that name flowed forth from the tongue), then the Healer appeared to the People of Lights in 1832, whereof it was spoken from the Retreat of Nearestness: "More than this is not permissible"; therefore Zia U'Allah Effendi is divine as well as the original Bab, and if you spell his pronouns with a small letter you are damned.

But if this isn't so, you can now lower case initials in writing of Zia U'Allah Effendi without the slightest risk.

Perhaps it is easy, from this clear yet rapid summary, to see which side is in the right.

But Brother MacNutt, who lives in Brooklyn and lectures on the doctrines of the Beha, wasn't quite satisfied. To bridge the schism, he journeyed into Turkey and visited the Jerusalem Akko, where he had speech with Zia U'Allah Effendi himself.

Brother MacNutt is back now. The announcement that he had returned to Brooklyn at the Temple of Bab in West Fifty-seventh street brought out both sides in such force that there was no room in the temple. It was decided that Brother MacNutt would settle the question from the lips of the prophet himself. The timid followers of Bab, whose correspondents have been getting behind since the vexed question of pronouns set them between a Scylla of capitals and a Charybdis of lower case letters, waited breathlessly for the revelation.

It did not come. Brother MacNutt played safe. He is doubtless a small-capper.

"His first words to me," said Brother MacNutt, "were these: 'How fares it with the brethren of New York? Are they unified?'"

"Yes," I said, "they are growing toward unity. Certain holy women are holding them together." And I wish that you could have heard his voice.

"I asked him many questions. The Master answered me thus:

"If you brought me 100 questions and I answered them all, then you would not spring into my mind. Strive to reach that condition where you do not have to ask questions; where they answer themselves."

"Then I said to him: 'I wish it were possible to take back thy blessed face to the beloved of New York.' And he answered:

"My love is my face. Take it to them. Let them see it to one another.' And again he said to me: 'Ye shall be as one will in different bodies.' Oh, the power of that statement!"

The rest was an exposition of "secret words." Not a syllable about the vexed question of the pronoun.

There is just one thing. Brother MacNutt took a stenographer along. The sayings of the prophet were translated and taken down on the spot. The inner circle of the enlightened will gather during the next few weeks to hear these words read; and all hope that some inner and esoteric light on the pronoun will be therein revealed.

## GET TOBACCO TRUST EVIDENCE.

Special Agents Unearth Mass Fit to Present to Grand Jury.

PHILADELPHIA, May 7.—Special agents of the Attorney-General of the United States are now in Philadelphia getting evidence against the American Tobacco Company which has its headquarters in this city. Already a mass of evidence has been secured and is now in shape to be presented to the Grand Jury which is conducting the investigation in New York.

Felix H. Levy, special assistant to United States District Attorney Thompson, and Samuel H. Harris of Brooklyn will reach Philadelphia to-morrow to direct operations for further evidence. An attaché of the District Attorney's office said to-day:

"Trust methods of dealing with tobacco jobbers and dealers are being brought to light through the inquiry which is being conducted in this city by Federal authorities. Evidence of the most damaging nature, disclosing the abuse of the power of the tobacco trust has been secured by government agents and will be used in the proceedings against the American Tobacco Company and its allies in New York."

"The Federal authorities have scarcely begun their work here, yet the material they have secured from tobacco dealers is sufficient to convict them of the open and flagrant violation of the Sherman anti-trust law in this city."

Speakers of the issue of the trust in Philadelphia Abraham Levitt, a prominent wholesale and retail dealer, said the next day:

"Every dealer in Philadelphia is anxious to see the trust put out of business. I don't believe there is one man in the city that doesn't handle trust goods, yet we are all anxious to be freed from its domination. The trust has used our hands and has grabbed us by the throat. We are powerless to resist it."

"With absolute disregard of our business the trust has advanced prices on cigars, cigarettes and tobacco. There has been nothing left for us but to pay the increase. There are no competitors to whom we can turn."

## ARREST HIS BIRTHDAY GIFT.

Charles's First in 20 Years of Saloon Keeping on Union Square.

Charles Sherer, who kept a saloon at 40 Union square for twenty years without once being arrested for an excise violation, was taken in at night by Detectives Kuhne and Kenny of the East Twenty-second street station.

"How did you get?" asked Sgt. Brown. "Just then the clock struck 8."

"I'm 48 years old at this very minute," replied Sherer, "and I kind birthday remembrance to hand out to a fellow."

Third Anniversary of the Actors' Home.

The third anniversary of the Actors' Home at West Brighton, Staten Island, was quietly celebrated yesterday. Short addresses were made by S. S. Mackay, Joseph R. Giamber and Milton Nobles. Each referred to the death of Jefferson, who did much for the home.

Consul-General Buenz Returns.

Karl Buenz, the German Consul-General at New York, is a passenger by the steamship Bluecher, which arrived last evening. Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruiger returned on the steamship New York.

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every

one—

Hale Furniture.

HALE DESK CO.

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## LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

"I want to look at your directory a moment," he said to the drug clerk, as he started for the telephone booth.

"The directory is over in that corner," was the answer, as the attendant indicated an entirely different direction.

The other caught up the telephone book and, after a glance through its pages, made a note and started out. On the way he paused at the soda fountain for a drink, and explained to the clerk:

"The telephone book is the only directory that is absolutely correct and made up every three months. Now I'll wager that you have an old directory on that stand."

"Yes," assented the clerk. "It is the one for 1903."

"I'm glad, and my friend moved up this way some four months ago. If I had looked in your directory I should have been sent up to Harlem, but I knew that he had a car and the quickest way to find him was through the telephone book. Even the latest directory would not have that address."

The piano stuck on the landing and there was a blockade while the other tenants suddenly discovered that it was imperative that they should leave the house at that moment. Most of them accepted the situation with philosophy, but the woman from the top flat west was in a hurry.

"Why don't you lift it over the top of the banisters?" she stormed, unmindful of the fact that the corner poets were unusually high. "I think it is an outrage for a mover to send men not strong enough to handle a piano."

"Lady," answered one of the men. "You ain't at no continuous performance now. If we was able to lift that pianer as high as that we'd get all the jobs we wanted on the stage. What we need is another man."

This gave the late one an idea. "William," she called, leaning over the rail to address the hall boy. "Why don't you help these men? Can't you see that we are all being detained because these poor fellows are not strong enough to lift that awkward thing?"

"No, m'm," said William solemnly. "I ain't no piano mover; no indeed. Last time Ah help Ah got mah foot wedged and didn't have no wuk to do weeks. 'Deed I ain't no piano mover, lady."

So she went to the roof and came down through the next house.

The unpaired walks in Harlem present an appearance peculiar for city walks on any morning after a rain. The moisture causes the earthworms to come forth in the night, and the walks are fairly spotted with the motes.

Such a sight is familiar to the country boy, but is strange to the city bred youngster. The man who grew up as a boy in the country grows old in Harlem to the days when he was a barefoot, sunburned youngster who caught fish with earthworms on a pin with a line made of string.

Several commuters boarding subway trains at the Grand Central Station among themselves by betting how many locals will pass their express train between Forty-second street and the Bridge. It is not a point of the bet, of course, that any local shall cover the entire distance in better time than the express, but simply that locals will be passed which, for however short a time, develop speed higher than that of the express.

It is not generally known, even to bicycle riders, that there are certain parts of Broadway and other streets that they are not allowed to use. The other day a wheelman who came through Twenty-third street, and was warned to go down Fifth avenue, tried to scoot around the Flatiron and get into Broadway. The cop was in pursuit in a second, and when abreast of the rider, the horse struck him with his shoulder.

With a quick dash the horse avoided the cover, and then he faced about in front of the approaching rider, and then escorted the whole outfit around the corner into a side street without a word of command from the officer.

The problem of just how naughty little girls can be on the top of a Fifth avenue stage was solved the other day when four well-dressed maidens between 12 and 14 years of age rode down the avenue in company with a bewildered and submissive maid.

"Let's each shut our eyes in turn," said one of the girls, and then she threw a kiss to the first man we see when we open them."

They all agreed, and alternately waved kisses to startled passersby. This evoked a number of smiles, however, and they soon tired of it.

"Let's how to all the nice looking people we meet," suggested one whom the others called Alice, and she how many men we can make take off their hats to us."

This suggestion was adopted, in spite of the timid protests of the maid. There was much scoffing and headgear on lower Fifth avenue.

Then the little girls all sang for a block or two, kicking their feet in time to the music, and before they reached the Washington arch they were trying to see how much they could embarrass a nervous looking gentleman in a cab by the intent stare of four pairs of bright young eyes.

Ever since the invention of Volapük, the universal language, the human race has been struggling with new dialects which were more often than not due to a fad. A few years ago every "braw lad" was learning to roll his r's in the interests of golf, and before that the comparatively simple mechanics of bicycles tinged the popular speech. The climax was reached the other day when one American automobile driver said to another:

"Say, do you speak gasoline?"

The young man on the elevated was concealing a light cigarette in his left hand to the obvious amusement of the young woman who was accompanying him. Every one in a while he took a surreptitious puff.

"Now, Frank," she protested, "you mustn't."

"For answer he reached her stickpin with his other hand, and held it up tantalizingly before her eyes."

"Give that right back," she exclaimed. "Put it right in here."

She held out her open shopping bag. The young man became a bit confused, and dropped something into the bag. It was not the pin. The girl hastily closed the bag without noticing the thin curl of smoke issuing from it. Several passengers rode three stations beyond where they intended to get off, in the hope of further developments, but nothing happened.

"I'm sorry for that young man when she finds out," murmured one man as he departed regretfully.

## RUNAWAY ON THE SPEEDWAY.

FIDLER NEARY THROWS OUT HIS  
DRIVER, FREDERICK GROTE.

Mounted Cop Puts an End to the Wild Dash—Crank Horses Dodge Each Other in Rushes—Visitors From Chicago Make a Good Showing on the Drive.

An exciting runaway that gave the public another chance to see just how useful the mounted police are when needed occurred on the Speedway yesterday morning. Frederick Grote was driving the brown cob Fidler Neary and looking back at the trotter Hilmar, 2:15½, and Balfy Chimes coming in a brush. As the horses passed the Fidler became excited, and swerving he struck the wagon of Charles Greenwood.

Mr. Grote went out in short order and the horse took the center of the course and decided to hurry home. Mounted Policeman Golden Fitzgerald saw the accident, and shouting a warning to those in advance he made ready for decisive action at the proper time. After the runaway had passed Fitzgerald started in pursuit, and before Washington Bridge was reached he had his hand on the bridle and the danger was over.

The racing field along program and showed that the horses have now reached racing condition. Sensational finishes were not plenty and the real topnotchers failed to get together. Kingpin, the former Speedway champion, defeated Andrew Phillips's Hilmar, 2:15½, twice, and was then defeated by Andrew Crawford's invader, 2:10. Thomas Leahy's Princess Pine, 2:11½, won every time, which was a feat in itself. Kingpin, 2:08½, also won from Francis S. with the veteran Peter Manoe driving Elie S. 2:16½. Hilmar and Balfy Chimes, in two head and head finish.

E. J. Cohn's Admirer, 2:10½, and C. H. Lott's Spiritly trotted two close heats, Hilmar winning the first, and the former second by a matter of inches. Admirer also won from David Goodman's Freedom, 2:17½. William Scott drove his 2:20½ trotter, Hilmar, 2:15½, to her first good victory, when she defeated the former Grand Circuit crack, James Neely, 2:15½.

Patrick Noyan's pacer Francis S. 2:18½, outdid the short in winning a brush with the pacer George Dumont, 2:20½. Then E. J. La Place's pacer Cottillon, 2:10, beat Francis S. and Charles W. Dyer, 2:10½. 2:08½, also won from Francis S. with the veteran Peter Manoe driving Elie S. 2:16½. Hilmar and Balfy Chimes, in two head and head finish.

Two visiting horsemen from Chicago made a prominent showing in the sport. S. I. Lee, the owner, drove the former Peter Sheldon, and his guest, Mr. Rosenwald, drove the pacer Mary Jane. After several winning brushes the latter took the top prize. Don Riley, 2:07, and this proved a losing proposition. Joseph Gibson, with the trotter, 2:22, was second, with Hilmar, 2:15½. It was late when W. C. Floyd's Jingles arrived with King Chimes, 2:10½, and Jingles, driving the erratic whirlwind Mary Joe, took the position of third place. The race was a close heat with him. While scoring at half speed John F. Croker came breezing along with Henry Brink, 2:14½. Mr. Croker's son, King Chimes, after the old time Speedway favorite, it proved more of a task to catch her than he counted on, and he missed going to by a small margin. In the second brush Mary Joe trotted fast, and she won, finishing in front but for a jump just at the finish.

ON TRACK AND FIELD.

Meets at Celtic Park, Pastime A. C. and Sheepshead Bay A. C.

A crowd of about six thousand persons gathered at Celtic Park yesterday to witness the games to aid of the Home for Irish Immigrant Girls. A good program of track and field events brought out a fine entry list and there were a number of spirited competitions.

100 Yard Run, Handicap—Won by L. Robertson, Irish A. C. 2 yards; James J. Farrell, unattached, 4 yards; second, James G. O'Brien, Irish A. C. 3 yards; time, 1:14 seconds.

400 Yard Run, Handicap—Won by Thomas Quigley, Quigley A. C. 2 yards; second, James G. O'Brien, Irish A. C. 3 yards; time, 1:14 seconds.

800 Yard Run, Handicap—Won by Fred Engstrand, Motwak A. C. 12 inches, with an actual jump of 21 feet 11 inches; M. Prastel, Brooklyn, N. Y. 4 yards; time, 2:14 seconds.

1 Mile Run, Handicap—Won by J. P. Odell, Irish A. C. 10 yards; second, James G. O'Brien, Irish A. C. 3 yards; time, 4:14 seconds.

2 Mile Run, Handicap—Won by J. P. Odell, Irish A. C. 10 yards; second, James G. O'Brien, Irish A. C. 3 yards; time, 8:14 seconds.

3 Mile Run, Handicap—Won by J. P. Odell, Irish A. C. 10 yards; second, James G. O'Brien, Irish A. C. 3 yards; time, 12:14 seconds.

4 Mile Run, Handicap—Won by J. P. Odell, Irish A. C. 10 yards; second, James G. O'Brien, Irish A. C. 3 yards; time, 16:14 seconds.

5 Mile Run, Handicap—Won by J. P. Odell, Irish A. C. 10 yards; second, James G. O'Brien, Irish A. C. 3 yards; time, 20:14 seconds.

6 Mile Run, Handicap—Won by J. P. Odell, Irish A. C. 10 yards; second, James G. O'Brien, Irish A. C. 3 yards; time, 24:14 seconds.

7 Mile Run, Handicap—Won by J. P. Odell, Irish A. C. 10 yards; second, James G. O'Brien, Irish A. C. 3 yards; time, 28:14 seconds.

8 Mile Run, Handicap—Won by J. P. Odell, Irish A. C. 10 yards; second, James G. O'Brien, Irish A. C. 3 yards; time, 32:14 seconds.

9 Mile Run, Handicap—Won by J. P. Odell, Irish A. C. 10 yards; second, James G. O'Brien, Irish A. C. 3 yards; time, 36:14 seconds.

10 Mile Run, Handicap—Won by J. P. Odell, Irish A. C. 10 yards; second, James G. O'Brien, Irish A. C. 3 yards; time, 40:14 seconds.

11 Mile Run, Handicap—Won by J. P. Odell, Irish A. C. 10 yards; second, James G. O'Brien, Irish A. C. 3 yards; time, 44:14 seconds.

12 Mile Run, Handicap—Won by J. P. Odell, Irish A. C. 10 yards; second, James G. O'Brien, Irish A. C. 3 yards; time, 48:14 seconds.

13 Mile Run, Handicap—Won by J. P. Odell, Irish A. C. 10 yards; second, James G. O'Brien, Irish A. C. 3 yards; time, 52:14 seconds.

14 Mile Run, Handicap—Won by J. P. Odell, Irish A. C. 10 yards; second, James G. O'Brien, Irish A. C. 3 yards; time, 56:14 seconds.

15 Mile Run, Handicap—Won by J. P. Odell, Irish A. C. 10 yards; second, James G. O'Brien, Irish A. C. 3 yards; time, 60:14 seconds.

16 Mile Run, Handicap—Won by J. P. Odell, Irish A. C. 10 yards; second, James G. O'Brien, Irish A. C. 3 yards; time, 64:14 seconds.

17 Mile Run, Handicap—Won by J. P. Odell, Irish A. C. 10 yards; second, James G. O'Brien, Irish A. C. 3 yards; time, 68:14 seconds.

18 Mile Run, Handicap—Won by J. P. Odell, Irish A. C. 10 yards; second, James G. O'Brien, Irish A. C. 3 yards; time, 72:14 seconds.

19 Mile Run, Handicap—Won by J. P. Odell, Irish A. C. 10 yards; second, James G. O'Brien, Irish A. C. 3 yards; time, 76:14 seconds.

20 Mile Run, Handicap—Won by J. P. Odell, Irish A. C. 10 yards; second, James G. O'Brien, Irish A. C. 3 yards; time, 80:14 seconds.

21 Mile Run, Handicap—Won by J. P. Odell, Irish A. C. 10 yards; second, James G. O'Brien, Irish A. C. 3 yards; time, 84:14 seconds.

22 Mile Run, Handicap—Won by J. P. Odell, Irish A. C. 10 yards; second, James G. O'Brien, Irish A. C. 3 yards; time, 88:14 seconds.

23 Mile Run, Handicap—Won by J. P. Odell, Irish A. C. 10 yards; second, James G. O'Brien, Irish A. C. 3 yards; time, 92:14 seconds.

24 Mile Run, Handicap—Won by J. P. Odell, Irish A. C. 10 yards; second, James G. O'Brien, Irish A. C. 3 yards; time, 96:14 seconds.

25 Mile Run, Handicap—Won by J. P. Odell, Irish A. C. 10 yards; second, James G. O'Brien, Irish A. C. 3 yards; time, 100:14 seconds.

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